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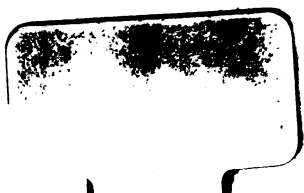


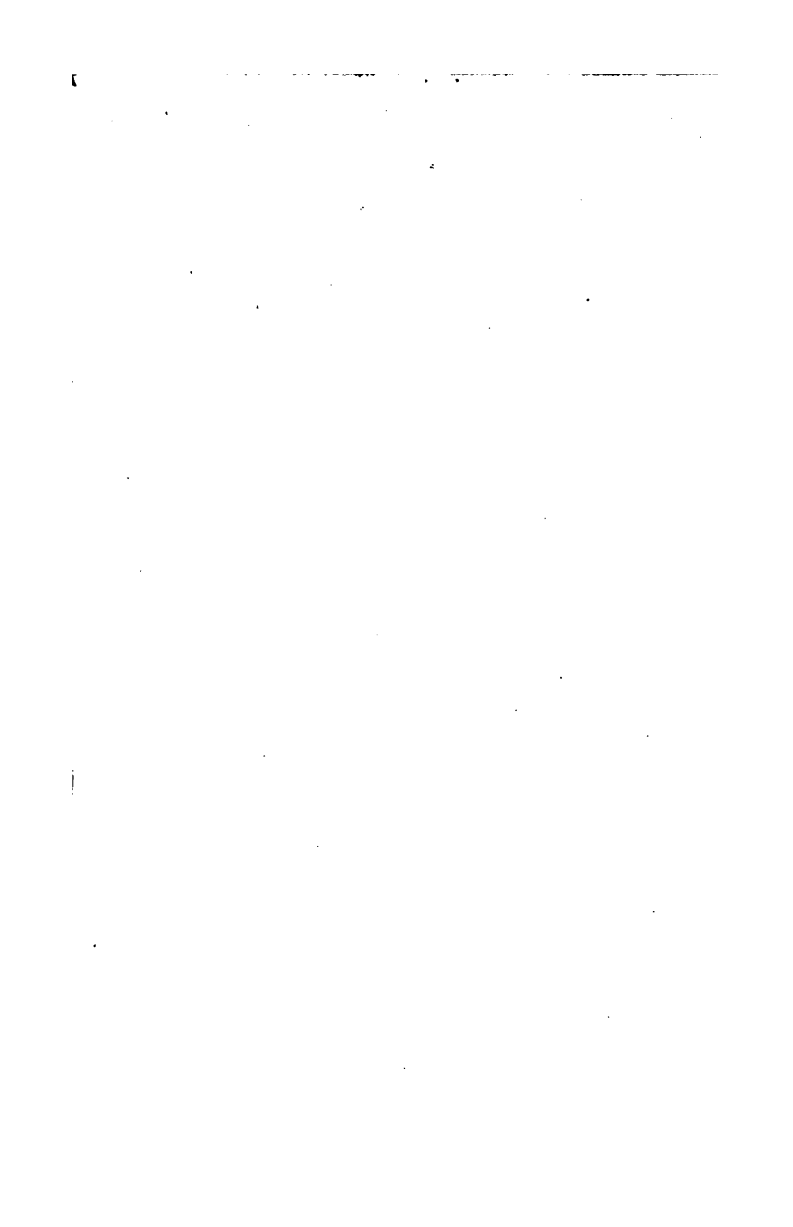


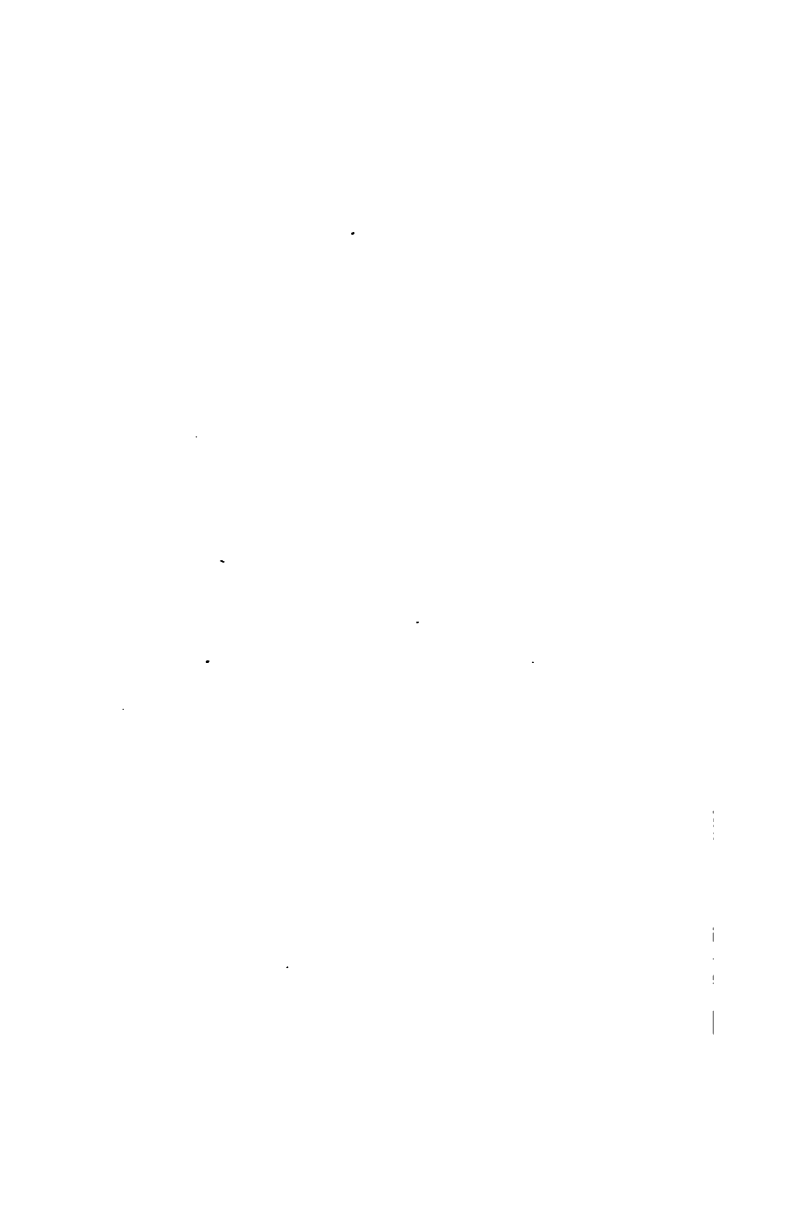
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A SELECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of growth of a population. The methods are classified into two main groups: (a) direct methods, and (b) indirect methods. The direct methods are those in which the rate of growth is determined by direct observation of the population. The indirect methods are those in which the rate of growth is determined by indirect observation of the population.

A

SELECTION OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY THE REV. H. K. CORNISH,
VICAR OF BAKEWELL.



LONDON:
JOHN AND CHARLES MOZLEY, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND J. GOODWIN, BAKEWELL.
1850.



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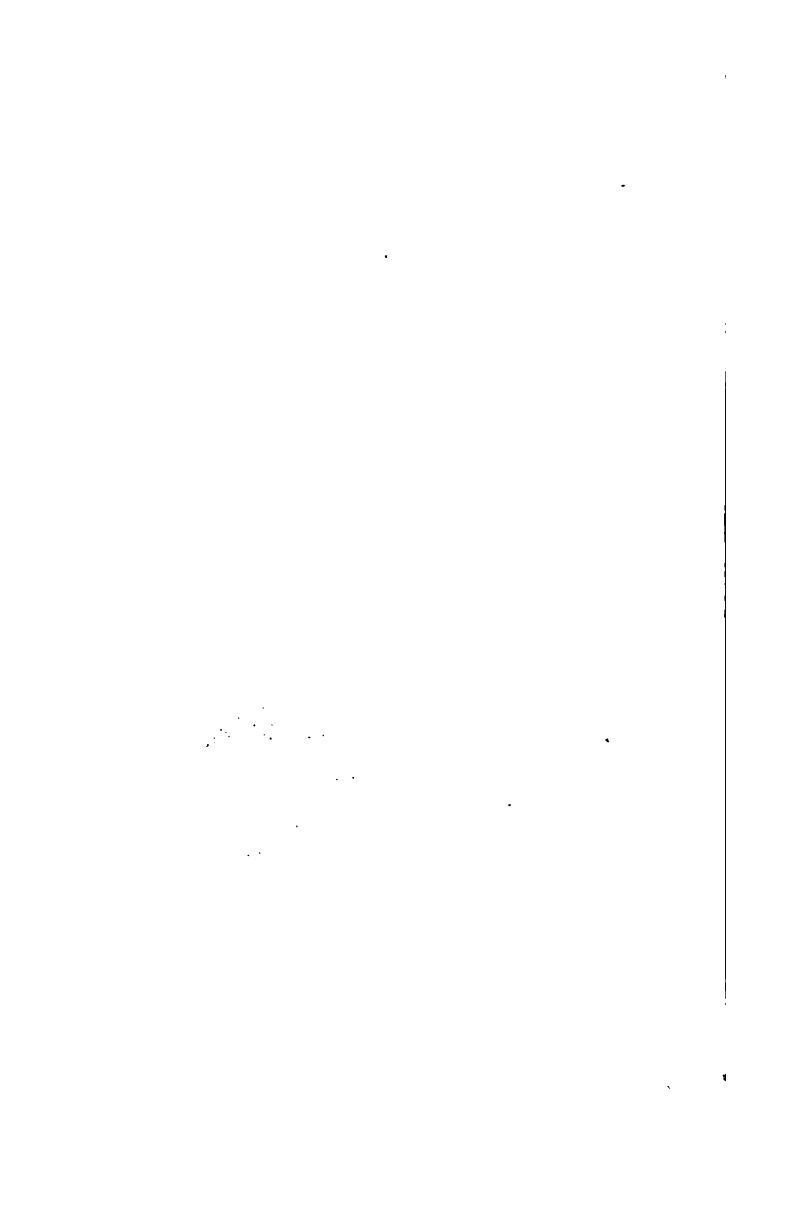
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A SELECTION
OF
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A

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*"I will give thanks unto the LORD with my whole heart,
secretly among the faithful and in the congregation."—*
Psalm cxi. 1.

PREFACE.

THIS selection of Psalms from the Old and New Versions is in great part taken from one published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. An abridgment of that publication, with a large addition of Hymns, has been in use in Bakewell Church since the year 1829, and having become out of print, it has been thought necessary to supply it again, or at least some work of the kind.

In the volume now compiled there is much that was in the former collection, and more that was not there. Many passages from the Old and New

Versions have been added, and many that were in the former volume have been omitted in this. The authorised reading has been adhered to generally ; though in a few instances for the sake of perfecting the connexion between the selected verses, a slight change has been made. And in some of the Psalms a different series of stanzas has been substituted for those which were in the former book.

A very important addition to the selection of Psalms from the Old and New Versions has been made in this volume from "The Psalter, or Psalms of David, in English verse," published at Oxford. The compiler is deeply sensible of the kindness of the author of that most faithful and beautiful translation in allowing a selection to be made from it. He fears that he has not always succeeded in making those extracts from the book which

are the best specimens of its extraordinary merit ; but he has diligently endeavoured to make such a choice as shall be generally approved of. The Psalms taken from this work are distinguished in this volume by the absence of the letters which are prefixed to the Old or the New Version ; and although they appear sometimes where the one or the other, or both of those Versions are retained, and are used frequently as substitutes for them, their introduction in this way, it is hoped, will be acceptable. For from its great faithfulness to the original Hebrew (as the Professor of Hebrew at Oxford has testified), not to speak of the very noble strain of poetry that pervades it—the Oxford Psalter, or selections from it, must help towards a truer understanding even of those favourites which are retained in this volume from the Old and New Version.

It is perhaps next to impossible in any metrical translation of the Psalms, to give the full meaning of the original; but our Old and New Versions do not always possess those qualifications which we may conceive ought to be found in such translation. The Old Version is deficient in force, although so carefully translated* as to deserve Bishop Horsley's recommendation as being no small help to the English Reader in the right understanding of the Psalter; but the New Version wants fidelity, and does not even profess to be translated from the original.

The "Hymns" in this selection are partly the same as those which have been in use in Bakewell Church for a long time. As many as sixty of those which were in the former book have been left out in this; thirty-nine have been retained; to these an addition has

* See Preface to the Oxford Psalter.

been made chiefly from the well-known compilations of Mr. Hall and Mr. Cotterill. These works are deservedly in great esteem, and in poetical merit, some of the Psalms and Hymns stand high ; but as they do not profess to be translations from or to represent faithfully the literal meaning of the words of the inspired Psalmist, the two works have been resorted to for the purpose of selecting from them only that species of composition which, strictly speaking, is designated by the word "Hymn." In this volume the object has been to confine the word "Psalm" to a literal, or as near as possible, a literal translation and metrical version of the Psalms of David.

A few pieces have been added from "Anthologia Davidica," Mr. Latham's elaborate and beautiful work, and also a few from the well-known Poems of

the late Right Honourable Sir Robert Grant ; in both cases the Editor expresses his thanks for the permission kindly given him to avail himself of those volumes.*

For the use of Hymns, that is, the expression of devotional and orthodox thoughts with more or less of poetry and of metrical arrangement, there is abundant authority from the practice of the Church in her best ages ; and there are numerous compositions of this kind which might be happily substituted for inferior ones in common use in many of our churches. A good collection of them would be very valuable. To quote the words of a great authority, "It is a thousand pities but our English tongue should be enriched with a translation of all

* One Psalm, the 70th, is a portion of a beautiful version by the late Rev. George J. Cornish, Vicar of Kenwyn and Kea, Cornwall.

the sacred hymns which are respersed in all the rituals and church books.”* Such a work would be of great use, for it would go far to displace many inferior compositions which, although not unfrequently used in our churches, are quite out of keeping with the general tone of our Liturgy. It is probably from the objectionable character of so many of our “Hymns,” that the general feeling in regard to congregational singing is so strongly in favour of the exclusive use of the Old and New Versions of the Psalms ;— simply because they are about the best upon the whole that we possess.

As the compiler’s object is to supply a book which may be acceptable to his own congregation, and to any other congregations that like to adopt it, many well known “Hymns” have

* Jeremy Taylor, see his “Life,” &c. by Bishop Heber, page 56.

been left out of the volume from their unsuitableness to congregational purposes, however edifying their use may be in private. The object of public worship is not so much to foster the individual feeling, as to blend all hearts together in united devotion before the Throne of Grace, by the use of language which is significative of our general wants both bodily and spiritual. The "Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs," used in public, ought to be especially directed towards this latter object ; but, of course, in such a way as at the same time to strengthen and deepen the religious principles and feelings of private Christians.



SELECTION
OF PSALMS, ETC.

PSALM 1.—O. V. *Verses* 1. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

THE man is blest that hath not lent
To wicked men his ear ;
Nor led his life as sinners do,
Nor sat in scorner's chair :

But in the law of God the Lord
Doth set his whole delight,
And in the same doth exercise
Himself both day and night.

He shall be like a tree that is
Planted the rivers nigh,
Which in due season bringeth forth
Its fruit abundantly ;

Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall,
But flourishing shall stand ;
Ev'n so all things shall prosper well
That this man takes in hand.

PSALM 2.

(From Sir Robert Grant's Poems.)

WHEREFORE do the nations wage
War against the King of kings ?
Whence the people's maddening rage
Fraught with vain imaginings ?

Haughty chiefs and rulers proud,
Forth in banded fury run,
Braving with defiance loud,
God and His anointed Son.

"Let us break their bonds in twain !
Let us cast these cords away :"—
But the Highest, with disdain,
Sees and mocks their vain array.

Ye who spurn His righteous sway,
Yet, ah ! yet He spares your breath ;
Yet His hand, averse to slay,
Balances the bolt of death.

Ere that dreadful bolt descends,
Haste before His feet to fall ;
Kiss the sceptre He extends,
And adore Him Lord of all.

PSALM 3.—N. V. *Verses 3, 4, 5, 8.*

BUT thou, O Lord, art my defence,
On Thee my hopes rely ;
Thou art my glory, and shall yet
Lift up my head on high.

Since, whensoever in like distress
To God I made my pray'r ;
He heard me from His holy hill,
Why should I now despair ?

Guarded by Him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take ;
For I through Him securely sleep,
Through Him in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend ;
His blessing He extends to all
That on His pow'r depend.

PSALM 5.—N. V. *Verses 1, 3, 7, 12.*

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer ;
To Thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And with the dawning day
To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
To Thee devoutly pray.

Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace ;
Make Thou the path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

And when Thy boundless grace shall me
To Thy loved courts restore,
On Thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend ;
And with His favour all His saints,
As with a shield defend.

PSALM 8.—O. V. *Verses 1, 3, 4, 8.*

O GOD, our Lord, how wonderful
Are Thy works every where !
Thy fame surmounts in dignity
The highest heavens that are.

And when I see the heavens above,
The works of Thine own hand,
The sun, the moon, and all the stars,
In order as they stand ;

Lord, what is man, that Thou of him
Tak'st such abundant care ?
Or what the son of man, whom Thou
To visit dost not spare ?

O God, our Lord, how excellent
Is Thy most glorious name
In all the earth ! therefore do we
Praise and adore the same.

PSALM 5.

LORD, Thou shalt hear my voice at morn,
For Thee at break of day
I keep my watch, and set my heart
In order and array.

Into Thy Temple I will come
In fulness of Thy grace,
And in the fear of Thee bow down
Towards Thy holy place.

Lord, guide me in Thy righteousness,
And mark me out Thy way ;
I need Thee, for my foes are nigh ;
And no true word have they.

But joy to all who trust in Thee,
Eternal praise they sing ;
They sing, and o'er them evermore
Thou spread'st Thy guardian wing.

PSALM 8.—N. V. *Verses 1, 3, 4.*

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this early frame ;
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is Thy name !

When heaven, Thy bounteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight ;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;

What's man, I say, that Lord, Thou lov'st
To keep him in Thy mind ;
Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
To them so wond'rous kind ?

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore ;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 9.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 10, 11.*

To celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare ;
To all the list'ning world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring ;
Whilst to Thy name, O Thou most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have His goodness prov'd
Will in His truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
That on His help relied.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion, His abode ;
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

PSALM 11.—N. V. *Verses 1, 4, 7.*

SINCE I have placed my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
To distant mountains fly ?

The Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above ;
Whence He surveys the sons of men,
And how their councils move.

The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace ;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of His face.

PSALM 13.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 5, 6.*

How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ;
Must I for ever mourn ?
How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,
Oh, never to return ?

How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
And grief my heart oppress ?
How long my enemies insult,
And I have no redress ?

Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath Thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then
My heart with joy shall spring :

Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To Thee, my God, ascend,
Who to Thy servant in distress,
Such bounty did extend.

PSALM 13.

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou forget
And scorn me day by day ?
And how long hide Thy face, and set
Thine eye so far from me ?

Look down, O Lord, and own my pray'r,
God of mine hope and faith ;
Enlighten my sad eyes, or ere
I sleep the sleep of death.

Since I have lean'd upon Thy love
My heart would joyful spring
At Thy relief—to God above,
His own rich bounty sing.

PSALM 15.

WHO, in Thy tabernacles, Lord,
May sojourn and abide ;
Or who inhabit for his home
Thine holy mountain's side ?

The man whose paths are undefiled,
Who keeps the perfect way,
Whose heart speaks out the very truth,
Nor dares the Lord gainsay.

Who bears no guile upon his lips,
Achieves no brother's wrong,
The guardian of his neighbour's name,
Enduring no ill tongue.

PSALM 16.—N. V. *Verses 5, 9, 11.*

MY lot is fall'n in that blest land,
Where God is truly known ;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand,
'Tis He supports my throne.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Wak'd by His powerful voice.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to Thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 17.

LORD, hear the right, unseal Thine ear,
Attend my mournful lay,
The prayer that from no feigned lips,
I pour in evil day.

My goings in Thy ways uphold,
My yet unwavering feet !
'Twas I that call'd Thee, Lord, I knew
Thy grace my prayer would meet.

Lord, bow Thine ear, my plea receive,
Thy deeps of love display,
Thou Saviour of confiding hearts,
From scorers of Thy sway.

Be mine in holiness to see
Thy face for ever bright,
Awakening in Thine image find
All fulness of delight.

PSALM 18.—O. V. *Verses 1, 3, 9, 10.*

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee,
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

When sore beset with pain and grief,
I prayed to God for grace,
And He forthwith heard my complaint
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above
And bow'd the heavens high ;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

PSALM 18.—N. V. *Verses 1, 3, 6.*

No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee,
For Thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliverer art, my God ;
My trust is in Thy mighty power :
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

To Thee will I address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God address'd my humble moan ;
Who graciously inclin'd His ear,
And heard me from His lofty throne.

PSALM 19.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.*

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

PSALM 19.—N. V. *Verses 7, 8, 9, 10.*

GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom His sure word
The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth,
Assist the feeble sight;

His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid ;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd.

Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

PSALM 19.

PART FIRST.

God's law is perfect and entire
To win the wandering mind ;
God's witness is for ever sure
To teach the simple kind ;

God's rules are even, clear, and straight,
Rejoicing all the heart ;
And God's command is pure and light,
O'er eye and soul will dart.

The fear of God is undefiled,
Enduring evermore ;
God's judgments are the very truth,
All good in endless store ;

Than gold more precious, heaped gold,
That needs no fire's assay ;
The honey and the honeycomb
Are not so sweet as they.

By these Thy servant owns the light,
And but to keep them all
Is great reward : but who can tell
His wanderings and his fall ?

PSALM 19.

PART SECOND.

O CLEANSE me from my secret faults,
Mine only Lord Thou art :
Withdraw me from the haughty world
That would enthrall my heart.

So stainless in my Maker's sight
And whole I may appear,
From all my deep and deadly sin
For ever wash'd and clear.

So may the musings of my heart
And every breathed word
Accepted rise to Thee, my Rock,
And my redeeming Lord.

PSALM 22.—N. V. *Verses 25, 26, 27.*

LORD, in Thy sacred courts will I
My cheerful thanks express ;
In presence of Thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.

The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.'

Let all the glad converted world
To God their homage pay,
And scattered nations of the earth,
One Sovereign Lord obey.

PSALM 23.—O. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 5.*

MY Shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For His most holy name.

Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And Thou art with me still.

Through all my life Thy favour is
So frankly shown to me;
That in Thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

PSALM 23.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.*

THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are well supplied.

In tender grass He makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
And leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And to His endless praise,
Instructs with humble zeal to walk
In His most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death
From fear and danger free ;
For there His aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

In presence of my spiteful foes
He does my table spread ;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

Since then His care and wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in His temple spend.

PSALM 23.

MY Shepherd is the Lord ; I know
No care or craving need ;
He lays me where the green herbs grow
Along the quiet mead.

He leads me where the waters glide,
The waters soft and still,
And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.

He brings me on the righteous path,
Even for His name's dear sake.
What if in vale and shade of death
My dreary way I take ?

I fear no ill, for Thou, O God,
With me for ever art ;
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,
'Tis they console my heart.

For me Thy board is richly spread,
In sight of all my foes,
Fresh oil of Thine embalms my head,
Thy cup of grace o'erflows.

O nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me,
And I within my Father's gate,
For long bright years shall be.

PSALM 24.

WHO shall ascend the mount of God !
Who fearless rise on high,
And stand in the most holy place,
Beneath th' All-seeing eye ?

The pure of hand, the stainless heart,
Which no ill dreams defile ;
The soul not lifted up in lies,
The tongue unsworn in guile.

He in the blessing of the Lord
Shall ask and have his part,
The God of all salvation pour
True goodness in his heart :

There are the tribe and lineage true
To seek and search Thee well,
The seekers of Thy glorious face,
Thy chosen Israel.

PSALM 25.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.*

To God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice ;
O ! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

Those who on Thee rely
Let not disgrace attend :
Be that the shameful lot of such
Who wilfully offend.

To me Thy truth impart,
And lead me in Thy way :
For Thou art He that brings me help :
On Thee I wait all day.

Thy mercies and Thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still
As Thou wert ever kind.

PSALM 25.

Who fears Jehovah's might ?
Thou mark'st him out Thy way,
His soul shall dwell at ease all night,
The earth his seed obey.

The secret of the Lord
Is theirs who serve in fear,
The covenant of His holy word
To give them wisdom clear.

On God my wistful eyes
For evermore I set,
Till freed by Him, my feet spring high
Out of th' ensnaring net.

And Thou look down on me,
Indulgent hear my moan,
An orphan clinging at Thy knee,
Dejected and alone.

My soul's unsleeping guard
And Saviour deign to be ;
I may not sink in shame, O Lord,
My shelter is in Thee.

PSALM 24.—O. V. *Verses 7, 8, 9, 10.*

YE gates and everlasting doors,
Lift up your heads on high ;
Then shall the King of glorious state
Come in triumphantly.

Who is the King of glorious state ?
The great and mighty Lord ;
The mighty Lord, in battle strong,
And trial of the sword.

Ye gates, and everlasting doors,
Lift up your heads on high ;
Then shall the King of glorious state
Come in triumphantly.

Who is the King of glorious state ?
The Lord of Hosts it is ;
The kingdom and the royalty
Of glorious state are His.

PSALM 27.

O TURN not Thou Thy face away,
Nor hide Thine eyes from mine, I pray,
Nor cast in ire Thy servant by ;
Of old Thou art mine aid on high ;
O leave me not to wander wild,
Nor let my God forsake His child.

God of my health ! when father dear
And mother left me, Thou wast near,
To fold me with Thy gathering arm ;
O guide me straight now foes alarm ;
Teach me Thy paths, the paths of right,
Nor yield me to the avenger's spite.

On me they rise, the perjurd throng,
The lips that breathe out cruel wrong.
What if no faith were mine, to see
Thy love in realms where life shall be?
But wait on God, be bold: His power
Thy heart will cheer: but wait His hour.

PSALM 29.—O. V. *Verses 1, 2, 9, 10.*

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of men,
Give ye with one accord,
All praise and honour, might and strength,
Unto the living Lord.

Give glory to His holy name,
And honor Him alone;
Give worship to His majesty
Within His holy throne.

The Lord doth sit upon the floods
Their fury to restrain;
He reigns above, both Lord and King,
And evermore shall reign.

The Lord will give His people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And He will bless His chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

PSALM 30.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.*

ALL celebrate Thy praises, Lord,
Who didst Thy power employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

In my distress I cry'd to Thee,
Who kindly didst relieve ;
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.

Thus to His courts, ye saints of His,
With songs of praise repair ;
With me commemorate His truth,
And providential care.

His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay ;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
By joy's returning day.

PSALM 31.

O PLENTEOUS is Thy treasur'd love
For all that fear aright ;
Thy mercy, wrought for trusting hearts,
Even in our mortal sight.

From dark and devious ways of earth
Thou bear'st them up on high,
And hid'st them in the secret joy
Of Thy sweet cordial eye.

Thou find'st them out a sheltering tent
Amid the strife of tongues ;
Then blessed be Thy glorious name,
Thou Lord of all my songs.

PSALM 32.—O. V. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 4.

BLEST is the man whose wickedness
The Lord forgiven hath,
And blest is he where sin is hid
And covered from His wrath.

And blest is He to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin,
Who in his heart hath hid no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.

For me—while close I kept my sin
In silence and constraint,
My bones did wear and waste away
With daily moan and plaint.

But when I did confess my faults,
And all my sins reveal,
My prayer was heard, Thou did'st forgive,
And all my sins conceal.

PSALM 33.—N. V. *Verses* 1, 6, 8, 9, 11.

LET all the just to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes,
To sing glad songs of praise.

By His almighty word at first
Heaven's glorious arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appear'd.

Let earth and all that dwell therein;
Before Him trembling stand ;
For when He spake the word, 'twas made;
'Twas fixed at His command.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of His heart,
To ages shall endure.

PSALM 34.—N. V *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9.*

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd ;
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name ;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide ;
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

PSALM 34.

No time but I will find a song
Of blessing for my God,
For ever on my grateful tongue
His praise shall make abode.

Praise Him with me : come blend on high
Our voices in His name ;
I sought the Lord, and He drew nigh,
For fear deliverance came.

O taste and see how good and sweet,
The God of our desire ;
How blessed who His mercy meet,
With trusting heart entire.

Ye saints, made holy to the Lord,
Fear ye the Lord alone ;
Who fear Him, round their happy board
No pining care is known.

The lion's whelps are worn and pin'd,
For hunger they have sigh'd ;
But seek the Lord, and thou shalt find,
No hope, no joy, denied.

PSALM 36.—N. V. *Verses* 5, 6, 8, 9, 10.

O LORD, Thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heavenly orb ascends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

Thy justice, like the hills, remains,
Unfathom'd depths Thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is Thy care.

With Thee the springs of life remain ;
Thy presence is eternal day ;
O let Thy saints Thy favour gain ;
To upright hearts Thy truth display.

Thy saints shall to Thy courts be led,
To banquet on Thy love's repast ;
And drink as from a fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

PSALM 36.

THY mercy, Lord, high heavens hath past,
Thy faith the clouds' aerial steep ;
Like hills of God Thy truths stand fast,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thou, Lord, both man and beast wilt heal :
How precious, Lord, is Thy dear love !
With trusting heart may mortals feel
Thy pinions o'er them gently move.

Fill'd with the fragrance of Thy shrine,
Their drink the rill of joy from Thee ;
Thou hast the well of life divine,
We in Thy light true light shall see.

To souls that know Thee, Lord, Thy care,
Thy faith, to sound true hearts prolong ;
Me may no foot of pride o'erbear,
Nor hurl me down the grasp of wrong.

PSALM 37.

(From Anthologia Davidica.)

MAKE thou the Lord thy God, thy trust,
And practice all that's good ;
So shalt thou dwell among the just,
And He'll provide thee food.

Unto the Lord thy ways commit,
And cheerful wait His will ;
His hand will guide thy doubtful feet
And thy desire fulfil.

The lowly shall the earth possess,
And be the heirs of heaven ;
The solace of abundant peace
To humble souls be given.

My God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by Thy will ;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

PSALM 37.

WAIT on the Lord, His way to keep,
High in His love thy peace shall be,
Thine harvest in His land to reap :
When sinners fall, thine eyes shall see.

Keep the pure way, right onward gaze,
For peace is in the latter end,
And ruin keeps the wilful ways ;
Sharp, final woe, th' unjust shall rend.

But the salvation of the just
Is only from the Lord our God ;
Their tower of refuge and of trust,
When fear and anguish are abroad.

Then is th' Almighty Lord their aid,
To win them from th' unholy crew ;
To win and save them, for they staid
Their hearts on Him, they own'd Him
true.

PSALM 39.

MINE end to me, Almighty, show,
The days ere I must die ;
Their bound and measure, let me know
How frail a thing am I.

Lo ! Thou hast given me few short days,
Each one a narrow span ;
Mine age as nought Thine eye surveys,
Sure vain is every man.

Sure a dim breath that melts in air
Are mortals in their might;
Man walks his pageant here and there
As in a dream by night.

Sure vain is all their eager din;
He piles him more and more,
Till gold as mire, be round him seen,
And knows not who shall store.

PSALM 39.—O. V. *Verses 5, 6, 7, 8.*

LORD, number out my life and days,
Which yet I have not past;
So that I may be certified
How long my life shall last.

For Thou hast pointed out my life,
In length much like a span;
My age is nothing unto Thee,
So vain is ev'ry man.

Man walketh like a shade, and doth
In vain himself annoy,
In getting goods, and cannot tell
Who shall the same enjoy.

Therefore, O Lord, what wait I for?
What help do I desire?
Truly my hope is e'en in Thee,
I nothing else require.

PSALM 40.

FOR mine Almighty Lord,
I waited patiently,
He bow'd, He caught th' imploring word,
And lifted me on high;

Out of the boiling deep,
Out of the miry clay :
He fix'd my foot upon the steep,
And order'd all my way.

He to my tongue imparts
An anthem new and blest,
"Praise to our God," a thousand hearts
Shall see, and fear, and rest.

God is their stay alone,
The man is blest indeed
Who sets upon th' Eternal One
His hope in hour of need.

PSALM 41.—O. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3.*

THE man is blest that doth provide
For such as needy be ;
For in the season perilous,
The Lord will set him free.

And He will keep him safe, and make
Him happy in the land ;
And not deliver him into
His enemies' strong hand.

And from his bed of languishing,
The Lord will him restore ;
For Thou, O Lord, will turn to health
His sickness and his sore.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal glory be ;
As was, and is, and shall be still,
To all eternity.

PSALM 42.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 9, 11.*

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine !

God of my strength how long shall I
Like one forgotten mourn
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' scorn ?

Why restless, why cast down my soul,
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Thy tender care secures my life,
From danger and disgrace ;
And Thou vouchsaf'st to set me still,
Before Thy glorious face.

Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd ;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

PSALM 43.—O. V. *Verses 3, 4, 5, 6.*

O LORD, send out Thy light and truth,
And lead me with Thy grace ;
Which may conduct me to Thy hill,
And to Thy dwelling place.

Then shall I to Thy altar go,
With joy to worship there ;
And on my harp give thanks to Thee,
O God ! my God most dear.

Why art thou then so sad, my soul,
And frett'st thus in my breast !
Still trust in God, for Him to praise
I hold it always best.

By Him I have deliverance
From all my pain and grief ;
He is my God, who doth alway
At need send me relief.

PSALM 43.—N. V. *Verses 3, 4, 5.*

LET me with light and truth be blest,
Be these my guides to lead the way ;
Till on Thy holy hill I rest,
And in Thy sacred temple pray.

Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy ;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

Why then cast down, my soul ? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care ?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory ; as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

PSALM 47.—N. V. *Verses 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8.*

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing :
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight ;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob His delight.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpets' sound ;
To Him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round.

Your utmost skill in praise be shown
For Him who all the world commands ;
Who sits upon His righteous throne,
And spreads His sway o'er heathen lands.

PSALM 48.

OUR ears have heard, and now our eyes
The very truth descry
Within the city of our God,
The home of God most high.

God holds her up for evermore,
O mighty and benign,
'Twas our's Thy mercy to await,
Here in Thine awful shrine.

According to Thy wondrous name,
So is Thy praise, O God ;
Thy praise o'er all the ends of earth
Spread gloriously abroad.

Thine outstretch'd arm, and Thy right hand,
Are fraught with deeds of right ;
Mount Zion for Thy judgment's sake,
Rejoices in Thy light.

PSALM 51.

By all Thy pitying care,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray;
With melting heart receive my prayer,
Blot all my guilt away.

Wash me and make me clean
From all my dark offence;
And sprinkle o'er my shame and sin
Clear deeds of innocence.

For I my wanderings own,
And ever in my sight
My folly lives—Thee, Thee alone
With evil I requite;

Thee only—Thy pure eye
Behold mine evil done;
So might Thy word o'ercome on high,
Thy righteous cause be won.

PSALM 51.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 11, 12.*

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which Thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help
Nor cast me from Thy sight,
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view ;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

PSALM 63.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 6, 7.*

O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be,
For Thee my thirsty soul does pant :
My fainting flesh implores Thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

O, to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which Thy majestic house displays!
Because to me Thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak Thy praise.

When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night ;
Because Thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM 55.

LORD, hear my prayer and cry of woe,
Nor hide Thee quite behind Thy cloud ;
Take heed and hear me—to and fro,
I toss and shrink, and groan aloud.

My heart bounds wildly in my breast,
Dim fears of death upon me fall ;
Within me, trembling and unrest,
Dark anguish o'er me shadowing all.

And Oh ! that I had wings, I said,
Wings like a dove to flee away,
And be at rest ; in desert shade
Far would I fleet and fearless stay ;

Far would I fleet, and lodge me safe,
I would make haste a home to find
Beyond the tempests' whirl and chafe,
Beyond th' uprooting bitter wind.

PSALM 56.

IN God's high name I pour the word
Of high adoring praise ;
In the great name of God the Lord
I tune my thankful lays.

In spirit to my God I flee,
No fear what earth may do.
Thy vows are on me, Lord, to Thee
My joyful hymns are due.

Thou who hast won me from the dead,
Art Thou not by, to stay
My tottering feet, with Thee to tread
The bright and living way ?

PSALM 57.—N. V. *Verses 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.*

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM 61.

LORD, listen to my lowly dirge,
My plaintive call attend ;
My fainting heart to Thee would urge
A prayer from earth's far end.

Come, guide me to the rocky hold,
Too high for me ; for Thou,
My hope, and my strong tower of old,
Hast sham'd th' avenger's brow.

Within Thy tabernacle shade
I would for aye abide,
In wings of Thy kind sheltering aid,
Would safely rest and hide.

For Thou, O Lord, hast heard my vows,
And bidd'st Thy servant claim
The lot Thy bounteous grace allows
Th' adorers of Thy name.

PSALM 63.

O GOD, Thou art my God, on Thee
I wait ere prime of morn.
Tow'rd Thee my thirsty soul, tow'rd Thee
My wasting frame is borne;

Far in a weary land and dry,
Where no cool waters shine ;
Even as I gazed, with longing eye,
For Thine own favour'd shrine ;—

Upon Thy power and majesty
I gaz'd—for Thy dear love
Is better than the life to Thee
My lips would gently move :—

Even so through all my life I'll frame
To Thee my thankful lay,
And lift my hands to Thy great name :—
My soul hath found her stay.

PSALM 65.

THOU hast come down to see Thy land,
And pour'd out plenty with full hand :
The river of the Lord runs o'er,
Hath bless'd our fields, will bless our store.

Thine own glad year Thy bounties crown,
Thy paths in heaven drop fatness down,
Drop soft on mead and desert mound ;—
With joy the green hills gird them round.

The pastures have put on their pride,
The white flocks gleaming far and wide ;
The vales are wrapt in golden grain,
They shout for joy, they sing amain.

PSALM 66.—N. V. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

LET all the lands with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise ;
Sing psalms in honour of His name,
And spread His glorious praise.

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
In all Thy works art Thou !
To Thy great pow'r Thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

Through all the earth the nations round
Shall Thee their God confess ;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of Thy great name express.

O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That He to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgment shown.

PSALM 67.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.*

To bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

That so Thy wond'rous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate Thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth ;
For Thou the righteous Judge and King
Shalt govern all the earth.

While God vouchsafes me His support,
 I'll in His strength go on;
 All other righteousness disclaim,
 And mention His alone.

PSALM 72.

(*Antholog. Anecd.*)

FROM sea to sea His Lord's domain
 Unbroken shall extend;
 And from the river He shall reign,
 To where earth's limits end.

Who dwell in desert wilderness
 Shall bow with homage true;
 His enemies shall His conquest
 And trampling like the dew.

The nations He and shall cry,
 The glorious in his grief;
 And all who have no help shall fly
 To Him and find relief.

The poor and needy He shall spare,
 And feed and make them whole;
 The rest are His constant care,
 He sees their sinking soul.

Psalm 72. Verses 23, 24, 25, 26.

What more can I can wish,
 When I am above?
 Where nothing is
 And I can love.

My flesh and spirit both do fail,
But God will me restore ;
For of my heart He is the strength
And portion evermore.

But lo ! all such as Thee forsake,
Thou shalt destroy each one ;
And those that trust in any thing,
Saving in Thee alone.

Therefore will I draw near to God,
And ever with Him dwell ;
In God alone I put my trust,
His wonders I will tell.

PSALM 84.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 5, 10.*

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire,
To view Thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.

While God vouchsafes me His support,
 I'll in His strength go on :
 All other righteousness disclaim,
 And mention His alone.

PSALM 72.

(Anthology. David.)

FROM sea to sea our Lord's domain
 Unbroken shall extend.
 And from the river He shall reign,
 To where earth's limits end.

Who dwell amid the wilderness
 Shall bow with homage just ;
 His enemies shall Him confess,
 And crouching lick the dust.

The needy for His aid shall cry,
 The poor man in his grief,
 And all who have no help shall fly
 To Him and find relief.

The poor and needy He shall spare,
 And raise and make them whole ;
 The needy are His constant care,
 He saves their sinking soul.

PSALM 73.—O. V. *Verses 23, 24, 25, 26.*

WHAT thing is there that I can wish,
 But Thee in heaven above ?
 On earth there nothing is
 That I can love.

My flesh and spirit both do fail,
But God will me restore;
For of my heart He is the strength
And portion evermore.

But lo! all such as Thee forsake,
Thou shalt destroy each one;
And those that trust in any thing,
Saving in Thee alone.

Therefore will I draw near to God,
And ever with Him dwell;
In God alone I put my trust,
His wonders I will tell.

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How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire,
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.

For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

PSALM 84.

How pleasant, Lord of Hosts, how dear
The tents of Thine abode !
My longing soul faints to be near
The courts of mine own God.

O blest who dwell around Thy shrine,
With ever-growing praise ;
Blest are the men whose strength is Thine,
Who bear in heart Thy ways.

Who as they pass the vale of pain,
Make it a gushing rill ;
Yea, blessings with th' autumnal rain
Come mantling, soft, and still.

They will go on from strength to strength,
Each to the mighty God,
In Sion they appear at length,
O'erpast their weary road.

PSALM 89.—O. V. *Verses 8, 13, 14.*

LORD God of hosts, in all the world
What one is like to Thee ?
On every side, most mighty Lord,
Thy truth is seen to be.

Thine arm is strong, and full of pow'r,
All might therein doth lie ;
The strength of Thy right hand each hour,
Thou liftest up on high.

In righteousness and equity,
Thou hast Thy seat and place ;
Mercy and truth are still with Thee,
And go before Thy face.

To Father, Sòn, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be therefore ;
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 90.

PART FIRST.

FROM everlasting Thou art Lord ;
And though Thou bring again
Man to his dust, we hear Thy word,
"Return, ye sons of men."

For though we tell a thousand year,
What is it in Thy sight ?
As yesterday it doth appear,
And as a watch by night.

For they are numbered, they will pass
Down by Thy torrent borne,
Gone like a slumber, ev'n as grass
They spring at early morn :

Fresh in the morn they bloom and spring,
The sweeping scythe is nigh,
And ere the birds of evening sing,
A wither'd heap they lie.

PART SECOND.

The years of all our weary life
Are as one heavy sigh;
Threescore and ten, a weary strife—
We count them, and we die!

Or if in mind and prowess tried
They come to fourscore years,
'Tis but a dream of toil, their pride
Cut off with hasty shears.

So early nipp'd, we fade and flee,
But who Thine ire discerns;
How dread, how deep Thy fear should be,
Deep as Thine anger burns?

Thus learn us, Lord, to count our days,
Till we with purpose strong,
A wise heart offer to Thy praise;
Return, O Lord—how long?

PSALM 90.—N. V. *Verses 3, 4, 5, 6.*

THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when Thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obeyed.

For in Thy sight a thousand years,
Are like a day that's past ;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams :
At first we grow like grass, that feels
The sun's reviving beams ;

But howsoever fresh and fair,
Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
Before the evening close.

PSALM 91.

WHO makes on high his sure abode
In secret with our God,
Beneath Thy shadow, Lord of light,
Dwells fearless all the night.

I said unto the Lord of old,
" Mine Hope, and my Strong-hold !
My God, on Him my soul would lean,
In purest faith serene."

The Lord shall free thee from the net
The wily hunter set ;
From plague and all her loathsome woes,
God is thy sure repose.

Even so through all my life I'll frame
To Thee my thankful lay,
And lift my hands to Thy great name :—
My soul hath found her stay.

PSALM 65.

THOU hast come down to see Thy land,
And pour'd out plenty with full hand :
The river of the Lord runs o'er,
Hath bless'd our fields, will bless our store.

Thine own glad year Thy bounties crown,
Thy paths in heaven drop fatness down,
Drop soft on mead and desert mound ;—
With joy the green hills gird them round.

The pastures have put on their pride,
The white flocks gleaming far and wide ;
The vales are wrapt in golden grain,
They shout for joy, they sing amain.

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Sing psalms in honour of His name,
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And with glad hymns their awful dread
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O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That He to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgment shown.

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In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

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May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate Thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth ;
For Thou the righteous Judge and King
Shalt govern all the earth.

PSALM 68.

THOU hast ascended up on high
And captive led captivity ;
And Thou hast search'd thy stores above,
For gifts of Thy redeeming love.

Triumphal gifts for mortal man,
Here in His short and sinful span ;
That rebel hearts should be th' abode
Of Israel's Lord, the mighty God.

Praise to the Lord from day to day,
Who bears our burden on the way ;
God of our health ! Thou deign'st to bear
Our load of trembling hope and care.

This God is aye our God and guide,
In strong deliverance surely tried ;
And in the Lord our God's strong hand,
Are issuings from death's dreary land.

PSALM 70.

MY heart is ready, O my God,
Ready my heart to raise,
With the best member that I have,
The song of grateful praise.

Awake thou harp ; thou lute awake !
And I myself will spring
From slumber, with the earliest dawn,
To join their caroling.

For spreads Thy mercy all around,
Wide as the lower heaven ;
And to the very clouds extends
The promise Thou hast given.

O soon above these lower skies
Set up Thine awful throne ;
And let the nations of the earth
Thy single glory own.

Be Thou our aid against the foe,
For human help is vain :
But in Thy strength high deeds we do,
And in Thy triumph reign.

PSALM 71.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 15, 16.*

IN Thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame ;
Incline Thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is Thy name.

Be Thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort ;
'Tis Thy decree that keeps me safe,
Thou art my rock and fort.

Thy righteous acts and saving health,
My mouth shall still declare ;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.

While God vouchsafes me His support,
I'll in His strength go on ;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention His alone.

PSALM 72.

(Antholog. David.)

FROM sea to sea our Lord's domain
Unbroken shall extend,
And from the river He shall reign,
To where earth's limits end.

Who dwell amid the wilderness
Shall bow with homage just ;
His enemies shall Him confess,
And crouching lick the dust.

The needy for His aid shall cry,
The poor man in his grief,
And all who have no help shall fly
To Him and find relief.

The poor and needy He shall spare,
And raise and make them whole ;
The needy are His constant care,
He saves their sinking soul.

PSALM 73.—O. V. *Verses 23, 24, 25, 26.*

WHAT thing is there that I can wish,
But Thee in heaven above ?
And in the earth there nothing is
Like Thee that I can love.

My flesh and spirit both do fail,
But God will me restore ;
For of my heart He is the strength
And portion evermore.

But lo ! all such as Thee forsake,
Thou shalt destroy each one ;
And those that trust in any thing,
Saving in Thee alone.

Therefore will I draw near to God,
And ever with Him dwell ;
In God alone I put my trust,
His wonders I will tell.

PSALM 84.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 5, 10.*

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire,
To view Thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.

For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

PSALM 84.

How pleasant, Lord of Hosts, how dear
The tents of Thine abode !
My longing soul faints to be near
The courts of mine own God.

O blest who dwell around Thy shrine,
With ever-growing praise ;
Blest are the men whose strength is Thine,
Who bear in heart Thy ways.

Who as they pass the vale of pain,
Make it a gushing rill ;
Yea, blessings with th' autumnal rain
Come mantling, soft, and still.

They will go on from strength to strength,
Each to the mighty God,
In Sion they appear at length,
O'erpast their weary road.

PSALM 89.—O. V. *Verses 8, 13, 14.*

LORD God of hosts, in all the world
What one is like to Thee ?
On every side, most mighty Lord,
Thy truth is seen to be.

Thine arm is strong, and full of pow'r,
All might therein doth lie ;
The strength of Thy right hand each hour,
Thou liftest up on high.

In righteousness and equity,
Thou hast Thy seat and place ;
Mercy and truth are still with Thee,
And go before Thy face.

To Father, Són, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be therefore ;
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 90.

PART FIRST.

FROM everlasting Thou art Lord ;
And though Thou bring again
Man to his dust, we hear Thy word,
"Return, ye sons of men."

For though we tell a thousand year,
What is it in Thy sight ?
As yesterday it doth appear,
And as a watch by night.

For they are numbered, they will pass
Down by Thy torrent borne,
Gone like a slumber, ev'n as grass
They spring at early morn :

Fresh in the morn they bloom and spring,
The sweeping scythe is nigh,
And ere the birds of evening sing,
A wither'd heap they lie.

PART SECOND.

The years of all our weary life
Are as one heavy sigh;
Threescore and ten, a weary strife—
We count them, and we die!

Or if in mind and prowess tried
They come to fourscore years,
'Tis but a dream of toil, their pride
Cut off with hasty shears.

So early nipp'd, we fade and flee,
But who Thine ire discerns;
How dread, how deep Thy fear should be,
Deep as Thine anger burns?

Thus learn us, Lord, to count our days,
Till we with purpose strong,
A wise heart offer to Thy praise;
Return, O Lord—how long?

PSALM 90.—N. V. *Verses* 3, 4, 5, 6.

THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when Thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obeyed.

For in Thy sight a thousand years,
Are like a day that's past ;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams :
At first we grow like grass, that feels
The sun's reviving beams ;

But howsoever fresh and fair,
Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
Before the evening close.

PSALM 91.

WHO makes on high his sure abode
In secret with our God,
Beneath Thy shadow, Lord of light,
Dwells fearless all the night.

I said unto the Lord of old,
" Mine Hope, and my Strong-hold !
My God, on Him my soul would lean,
In purest faith serene."

The Lord shall free thee from the net
The wily hunter set ;
From plague and all her loathsome woes,
God is thy sure repose.

No hov'ring terror of the night
Thy spirit may affright ;
No shaft that flies in open day,
O'ertake thee on thy way ;

Fall'n on the right, though myriads be,
It comes not nigh to thee ;
Only thine eyes shall see, and read
The sinner's fearful meed.

PSALM 93.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.*

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablish'd is Thy throne !
Which shall no change or period see !
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure :
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM 94.

THY chastening arm who meekly feels,
That man is deeply blest
To whom Thy mercy, Lord, reveals
Thy law to give him rest.

For God will ne'er forsake His own,
Nor fail His favoured reign ;
Truth shall resume her judgment throne
With her unswerving train.

Except Jehovah were mine aid,
One moment, and my heart
In silence and in deadly shade
Had found her hopeless part.

But oft as I in sadness cried,
" My foot hath slipt, I fall,"
I find th' Upholder at my side—
Thy mercy, Lord of all.

PSALM 95.—O. V. *Verses 1, 2, 6, 5.*

O COME, let us lift up our voice,
And sing unto the Lord ;
In Him, our rock of health, rejoice
Let us with one accord :

Yea, let us come before His face,
To give Him thanks and praise ;
In singing psalms unto His grace,
Let us be glad always.

Come, let us bow, and praise the Lord,
Before Him let us fall ;
And kneel to Him with one accord,
For He hath made us all.

For why ? He is the Lord our God,
For us He doth provide ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
His sheep, and He our guide.

PSALM 95.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 6.*

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past ;
To Him address in grateful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King superior far to all,
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM 96.

SING the song unheard before,
Sing the God whom we adore,
Sing all earth unto the Lord,
Praise His Name, and bless His Word.

Tidings tell, from day to day,
Of His high and saving way ;
Show all lands His glorious light,
Heathens all, His deeds of might.

Tell them God is great always,
Prais'd, and high above all praise ;
Thron'd in awful majesty,
Far above all gods is He.

Tell it out, " Jehovah reigns,
Fix'd and sure the world remains,
Fix'd and leaning on His hand,
Righteous Judge of every land."

Heathen gods, frail gods are they,
Heaven He made whom we obey,
Grace and honour round Him shine,
Power and splendour is His shrine.

PSALM 98.—N. V. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 4.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done ;
With His right hand and holy arm,
The conquest He has won.

The Lord has thro' the astonish'd world,
Display'd His saving might ;
And made His righteous acts appear,
In all the heathens' sight.

Of Israel's house His love and truth,
Have ever mindful been ;
Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
Of Israel's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.

PSALM 100.—O. V.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM 100.—N. V.

WITH one consent let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM 102.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 13, 28.*

WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do Thou, O Lord, attend ;
To Thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

O hide not Thou Thy glorious face
In times of deep distress ;
Incline Thine ear, and when I call,
My sorrow soon redress.

Thou shalt arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face,
For now her time is come, Thy own
Appointed day of grace.

Thou to the children of Thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give ;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in Thy presence live.

PSALM 103.

MY soul praise thou the glorious Lord,
and all

The secrets of my heart His holy name :
My soul in praise before th' Almighty fall,
Nor once forget His bounty nor disclaim ;
Who pardons first thy sin, then heals thy pain,
First frees thy life from danger and from bane.

That crowns thee with benignest, ten-
derest love ;

Who nurture's thee with fulness of all
good,
Till in fresh youth thou dare the depths
above,
Rise eagle-like, and feel thee all renew'd.

Praise ye the Lord, by whom the right is
strong,
Th' avenging God, for all who suffer wrong.

His wondrous ways to Moses He proclaim'd,
To Israel's seed His mighty works of yore ;
The gracious Lord, the God of mercy nam'd,
Long-suffering, kind, retaining love in
store ;

With sinful man He will not always strive,
Nor His just ire for ever keep alive.

God hath not judg'd as we have wildly
done,

Nor measur'd out His anger by our sins ;
The souls that to His fear His love hath
won,

As heaven o'er earth high mercy o'er
them leans.

Far as the west from where the bright stars
dawn,

Our sins from us th' Almighty hath withdrawn.

As yearns a father o'er his children dear,

So yearn'd the Lord's relenting majesty
O'er every heart that bows to Him in fear,
Rememb'ring timely, that frail dust
are we ;

He knows our frame, and how we fleet and
pass :

Frail man ! his days are like the withering
grass.

PSALM 103.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 5, 6.*

MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless ;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace :
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always lov'd.

PSALM 104.—O. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.*

MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His
name ;

O Lord 'our great God, how dost Thou
appear !

So passing in glory, that great is Thy fame,
Honour and majesty in Thee shine most
clear.

With light, as a robe, Thou hast Thyself
clad,

Whereby all the earth Thy greatness may
see :

The heavens in such sort Thou also hast
spread,

That they to a curtain compared may be.

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
Which as His chariots are made Him to
bear ;

And there with much swiftness His course
doth endure,

Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

He maketh His spirits as heralds to go,

And lightnings to serve we see also prest ;

His will to accomplish, they run to and fro,

To save or consume things as seemeth
Him best.

PSALM 104.

O WORSHIP the King

All glorious above,

O gratefully sing

His power and His love ;

Our Shield and Defender,

The Ancient of days,

Pavilion'd in splendor,

And guided with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend !

O measureless might !
Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humble creation,
Tho' feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

PSALM 105.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.*

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord,
Invoke His sacred name :
Acquaint the nations with His deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to His praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in His Almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, His saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And, where He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

PSALM 106.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.*

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
Why from thy judgments never stray :
Who knew what's right, nor only so,
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

PSALM 108.—N. V. *Verses 1, 4, 5, 6.*

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends ;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the earth, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name.

That all Thy chosen people, Thee
Their Saviour may declare ;
Let Thy right hand protect them still,
And answer Thou their prayer.

PSALM 111.—N. V. *Verses 1, 5, 9, 10.*

PRAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng.
Of saints, His praise shall be my song.

His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all His servants' wants supplied;
And He will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant, with our fathers signed.

He set His saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd His decree,
For ever to remain the same—
Holy and reverend is His name.

Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin ;
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they who know and do His will

PSALM 111.

I PRAISE the Lord with heart entire,
In secret with the faithful choir,
And 'mid th' assembly of the just ;
How wondrous are Thy works, O Lord !
So deeply trac'd, so deeply stor'd
In all true hearts for love and trust !

All glory are His deeds, all grace,
And in its own eternal place,
His righteousness for ever lives :
Of old, His miracles to proclaim,
He wrought Himself a mighty name,
"The God who pities and forgives."

The workings of His mighty hands,
Are truth and judgment : His commands
 Fix'd one and all for ever fast :
They have an arm whereon to lean,
In truth and equity serene,
 Through deeps of time ordain'd to last.

Redemption to His own He bore,
His covenant seal'd for evermore,
 Holy and awful is His name ;
The fear of God is wisdom's crown,
Sound wisdom to th' obedient known,
 Stands evermore His matchless fame.

PSALM 113.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.*

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His name record ;
 His sacred name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to His great name address.

God through the world extends His sway,
The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of His glory are.
With Him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which He dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory ; as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be more.

PSALM 115.—N. V. *Verses 1, 11.*

LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to Thy sacred name
Give glory for Thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
On Him they fear rely ;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 116.—N. V. *V. 1, 2, 5, 6, 12, 13, 17.*

My soul with grateful thoughts of love,
Entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
The voice of my request.

Since He has now His ear inclin'd,
I never will despair ;
But still in all the straits of life
To Him address my pray'r.

How just and merciful is God !
How gracious is the Lord !
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.

Then what return to Him shall I
For all His goodness make ?
I'll praise His name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.

PSALM 117.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2.*

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise :
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay ;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 119.—O. V. *Verses 49, 50, 55, 56.*

THY promise which Thou mad'st to me,
Remember, Lord, I pray ;
For therein have I put my trust
And confidence alway.

It is my comfort and my joy,
When troubles me assail;
For were my life not by Thy word,
It suddenly would fail.

I thought upon Thy name, O Lord,
By night, when others sleep;
Thy law also I kept always,
And ever will it keep.

This grace I did obtain, because
Thy covenants most dear
I did embrace, and also keep
With reverence and fear.

PSALM 119.—O. V. *Verses 67, 68, 71.*

BEFORE that I afflicted was,
I err'd, and went astray;
But now I keep Thy holy word,
And make it all my stay.

Thou art both good and gracious, Lord,
And in Thy gifts most free;
Thy ordinances how to keep
Therefore, O Lord, teach me.

O happy time, may I well say,
When Thou didst me correct!
That I thereby might learn Thy laws,
And never them reject.

PSALM 119—N. V. *Verses 9, 10, 11, 12.*

How shall the young preserve their ways,
From all pollution free ?

By making still their course of life
With Thy commands agree.

With hearty zeal for Thee I seek,
To Thee for succour pray ;
O suffer not my careless steps
From Thy right paths to stray.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies ;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless Thy name :
O teach me then by Thy just laws
My future life to frame.

PSALM 119.—N. V. *Verses 33, 34, 35, 37.*

INSTRUCT me in Thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display ;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

If Thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep Thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

Direct me in the sacred ways
To which Thy precepts lead ;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays ;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep Thy righteous ways.

PSALM 119.—N.V. *V.* 169,170,171,172.

To my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
According to Thy Word.

Let my repeated pray'r at last
Before Thy throne appear ;
According to Thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of Thy praise,
When Thou Thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me Thy just ways.

My tongue the praises of Thy word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because Thy promises are all
With truth and justice crown'd.

PSALM 119.—P. 2.

How should a youth make clear his course,
How thread the tangled way ?
'Tis but to watch Thy holy word,
To watch Thee and obey.

Thy teaching deeply have I stor'd
My heart and soul within,
So never might I grieve my God,
Nor swerve from Thee in sin.

Teach me Thy laws, Thou blessed One,
My Lord and only God !
Thy will is all my joy, Thy word
I never can forget.

PSALM 119.—P. 4.

My soul is fain in dust to dwell ;
O give me life, as Thou hast said :
Thou hear'st me all my goings tell ;
Teach me Thy law, Thy love and dread.

Make me to know Thine ordered way,
And deeply muse Thy wonders o'er ;
My soul is melting for decay ;
Confirm me by Thy holy lore.

The way of lying take from me,
And bounteously Thy law impart ;
I choose the truth mine own to be,
Thy laws I number in my heart.

I to Thy holy records cling ;
Hide me from shame and sad annoy ;
Obedient on Thy ways I spring ;
By Thee my heart swells high for joy.

PSALM 119.—P. 10.

THY hands have made and fashion'd me,
Be Thou my Teacher too,
That I may learn Thy holy laws,
And all I learn may do.

Who tremble at Thy holy name,
They see me and rejoice ;
Because I waited for Thy word,
With all my care and choice.

Lord, I have own'd Thy high decrees,
Eternal Truth to be ;
In very faithfulness I know,
Thine arm hath humbled me.

I pray Thee let Thy mercy come
To me with solace bland ;
Thy word unto Thy servant give,
In pity let it stand,

And let the yearnings of Thy love
Draw near, that I may live,
For to my heart Thy words alone
Refreshing gladness give.

PSALM 119.—P. 14.

THY word a lantern to my feet,
A light along my paths I find ;
And I have sworn, and may not swerve,
Thy laws to keep with royal mind.

Behold me sad and lowly laid,
Lord, cheer me by Thine own true word ;
The free-will offerings of my lips
Receive, and teach Thy rule, O Lord.

My soul is alway in my hand,
Yet constant o'er Thy law I muse ;
For me th' unjust the snare have spread,
I unbeguil'd Thy precepts choose.

Thy records my sure heritage
I claim ; my soul's delight are they :
I bow'd my heart, Thy perfect will
For ever, Father, to obey.

PSALM 121.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 7, 8.*

To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid :
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still ;
From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 125.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 4.*

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
Like her immoveably be fix'd
By His almighty hand.

Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem inclose ;
So stands the Lord around His saints,
To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds effect ;
The heart that innocence retains
Let innocence protect.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM 130.—N. V. *Verses* 1, 2, 5, 7, 8.

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring, from
whence
Eternal succour flows.

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM 131.

O LORD, no swelling heart is mine,
Nor lofty-eyed I stalk :
Nor in deep counsels or divine,
Too high for me I walk.

Have I not hush'd me, calm and mild,
And sooth'd my soul to rest ?
I lay as calm as weaned child,
Upon his mother's breast :

Like a wean'd child, behold me staid
From mine own heart and will—
Thou Israel, trust the Lord thine aid
From henceforth, ever still.

PSALM 133.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3.*

How vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love !

True love is like that precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the Almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

PSALM 135.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 20, 21.*

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify His name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

Praise Him all ye that in His house
Attend with constant care,
With those that to His sacred courts
With humble zeal repair.

Their sense of His unbounded love
Let all mankind express ;
And let all those that fear the Lord,
His name for ever bless.

Let them with thanks His wondrous works
In Zion's courts proclaim ;
Let them in Salem, where He dwells,
Exalt His holy name.

PSALM 137.

'Twas by the streams of Babylon,
'Twas there we sate and wept ;
Mount Sion there we mus'd upon,
Our home in heart we kept.

The willow branches, drooping round,
Our silent harps sustain ;
For there the foes who led us bound
Came asking for a strain.

Our spoilers call'd for tuneful glee,
"Come strike a pleasant lay ;
"Some chant of Sion"—How should we
A holy strain essay ?

How should we sing a song of God
Here in a stranger's land?
If I forget the dear abode,
Oblivion chill my hand.

Cleave to my lips my tongue, if e'er
For mirth or rapture's call
I cease in longing heart to bear
My Salem's mouldering wall.

PSALM 138.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 8.*

WITH my whole heart, my God and king,
Thy praise I will proclaim,
Before Thy presence will I sing,
And bless Thy holy name.

I'll worship at Thy sacred seat,
And with Thy love inspir'd,
The praises of Thy truth repeat,
O'er all Thy works admir'd.

Thou graciously inclin'dst Thine ear
When I to Thee did cry,
And when my soul was press'd with fear
Didst inward strength supply.

The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And mindful of His favors past,
Shall His own work complete.

PSALM 139.

LORD, Thou hast search'd me out, and known
My rising up and lying down ;
Thou know'st them all, each thought in me
Far off is deeply trac'd by Thee.

Discoverer of my path and bed,
Companion sure where'er I tread ;
Ere from my tongue a word can fall,
Behold, O Lord, Thou knowest all.

Behind, before me, all around,
Thy potent arm my frame hath bound ;
I feel Thine hand, but may not see :
O wondrous skill, too high for me !

I have no power on Thee to think ;
Where from Thy Spirit may I shrink ?
Where from Thy presence may I go ?
I climb to Heaven, I plunge below.

What if the wings of morn I take,
My tent in farthest ocean make ?
Even there Thy hand shall guide my way,
Thy strong right arm my goings stay.

Then said I, Darkness sure will hide,
But night was day on every side.
The darkness is not dark with Thee,
By day and night Thy beams are free.

PSALM 139.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.*

THOU, Lord, by strictest search, hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known, long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On ev'ry side I find Thy hand :
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye.

O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting Thee,
Where, Lord, could I Thine influence shun ?
Or whither from Thy presence run ?

PSALM 141.—O. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 9.*

O LORD, upon Thee do I call,
Then haste thee unto me,
And hearken Thou unto my voice
When I do cry to Thee.

As incense let my pray'r still be
Directed in Thine eyes,
And the uplifting of my hands
An evening sacrifice.

For guiding of my mouth, O Lord,
Set Thou a watch before ;
And also of my moving lips,
O Lord, keep Thou the door.

For O my Lord and God, my eyes
Do look up unto Thee ;
In Thee is all my trust—let not
My soul forsaken be !

PSALM 142.

WITH all my voice I God adore,
To God my prayer is sped ;
My musing in His sight I pour,
My woe before Him spread.

All refuge from my heart was gone ;
No searcher, none to claim
Mine outcast life—with thinking moan
To Thee, O Lord, I came.

I said, " My sheltering hold art Thou,
My portion in the clime
Of life and gladness ; listen now
My music's mournful chime ;

" For I am wasted very low :
But Thou my spirit free
From hunters fell ; they mighty grow,
Too mighty, Lord, for me.

“From prison, Thy great name to bless,
My soul, Almighty, bring,
That righteous men may round me press,
Thy bounty o’er me sing.”

PSALM 143.—N. V. *Verses* 1. 2, 10, 11.

LORD, hear my prayer, and to my cry
Thy wonted favour lend;
In Thine accustom’d faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

Nor at Thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in Thy sight no living man
Can e’er be justified.

Thou art my God—Thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let Thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in Thy right way.

O! for the sake of Thy great name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For Thy truth’s sake, to me, distress’d,
Thy promis’d aid impart.

PSALM 143.

MAKE me to hear Thy love at morn,
Thy love so deep and still;
Tow’rd Thee my trusting heart is borne,
Lord, teach me all Thy will.

Teach me the way that I should go ;
To Thee my soul would flee ;
Lord, free me from th' enthralling foe ;
I have hid all with Thee.

Teach me to do what pleaseth Thee,
Mine own, mine only God ;
Thy Spirit kind my Guardian be,
Along Thine even road.

Receive me, Lord, for Thy great name,
And for Thy judgment's sake ;
From woe and gloom my spirit claim,
My chains of anguish break.

Ev'n now my foes by Thy kind arm
Lie silent and o'erthrown ;
They perish who my soul would harm,
For I am all Thine own.

PSALM 145.

THEE will I laud, my God, our King,
Thy name for evermore I sing ;
Thee every day in thanks adore,
And sing Thy name for evermore.

Great is the Lord, ador'd, renown'd,
No end to His high Power is found ;
Age answering age, Thy works of might
They chant, Thy deeds of war recite.

The Lord our God is good to all,
O'er all His works His mercies fall ;
Lord, all Thy creatures Thee confess,
Thy holy ones Thy glory bless.

They tell the glory of Thy reign,
Of Thee victorious is their strain ;
That mortal man His deeds might own,
The marvels of His glorious throne.

PSALM 146.—O. V. *Verses 1, 4, 5, 9.*

MY soul, praise thou the Lord always ;
My God I will confess ;
While breath and life prolong my days,
My tongue no time shall cease.

Blessed and happy are all they
Whom Jacob's God doth aid,
And he whose hope doth not decay,
But on the Lord is staid.

Who made the earth and waters deep,
The heavens most high withal ?
Who doth His word and promise keep,
In truth and ever shall ?

The Lord thy God eternally,
O Sion, still shall reign,
In time of all posterity
For ever to remain.

PSALM 147.—N. V. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 5, 6.

O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate His fame :
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise His holy name.

He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds doth close ;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their sev'ral names He knows.

Great is the Lord, and great His pow'r,
His wisdom has no bound ;
The meek He raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

And He, to him that fears His name
His tender love extends ;
To him that on His boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

PSALM 148.—N. V. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day ;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came.
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

PSALM 149.—O. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.*

SING ye unto the Lord our God
A new rejoicing song,
And let the praise of Him be heard
His holy saints among.

Let them sound praise with voice of lute
Unto His holy name,
And with the timbrel and the harp
Sing praises to the same.

For why? the Lord His pleasure all
Hath in His people set;
And by deliv'rance He will raise
The meek to glory great.

PSALM 149.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.*

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In our great Creator,
Let Isr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them His great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with His salvation
The humble to bless.

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God, Three in person,
One God ever blest;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

PSALM 150.—N. V. *Verses 1, 2, 6.*

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence His goodness largely flows ;
Praise Him in heav'n where He His face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise Him on earth for all the acts
Which He on our behalf hath done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He doth to them afford
In just returns of praise employ :
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

HYMNS

AND

IMITATIONS OF PSALMS,

FROM THE

OLD AND NEW VERSIONS.

SELECTION
OF HYMNS, ETC.

HYMN 1.

Morning Hymn.

AWAKE my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last ;
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 2.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy !
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as Thyself Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 3.

BEHOLD we come, blest Lord, to Thee,
And bow before Thy throne ;
We come to offer on our knee
Our vows to Thee alone.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave ;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

Come then, my soul, bring all thy pow'rs,
And grieve thou hast no more ;
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

But, above all, prepare thy heart,
On this His own blest day ;
In duty's task to bear a part,
And sing, and praise, and pray.

Glory to the eternal Lord,
Thrice blessed Three in One !
Thy name for ever be ador'd,
Thy will, great God, be done !

HYMN 4.

FROM all that dwell beneath the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth inspires Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Your humble gifts, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise devoutly sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

In ev'ry land begin the song,
To ev'ry land the strains belong ;
In grateful joy all voices raise,
And fill the world with nature's praise.

HYMN 5.

Lov'd be the task, my God and King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth by night.

Lov'd be Thy day of sacred rest ;
Let no vain care disturb my breast ;
But let my voice its offering raise
In David's song of solemn praise.

Oh let my heart adore the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word ;
Acknowledge both, how bright they shine,
How deep His counsels, how divine.

In nature's paths His presence trace,
And farther in His gifts of grace ;
Through fair creation's wondrous plan,
In fallen, and forgiven man.

HYMN 6.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
Hymns to His glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sov'reign Lord,
The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are His work, and not our own,
He form'd us by His word.

To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

HYMN 7.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name ador'd !

Men on earth and saints above
Sing the great Redeemer's love ;
Lord, Thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

Lead us to that blissful state
Where Thou reign'st supremely great ;
Look with pity from Thy throne,
Send Thy holy Spirit down.

While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in the way ;
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
And all Thy glorious greatness see.

HYMN 8.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest ;
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah
 blest ;
When, like His own, He bade our labours
 cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn, obey ;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in pray'r.

So shall the God of mercy pleas'd receive
That only tribute man has pow'r to give ;
So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Father of heav'n ! in whom our hopes
 confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts
 guide ;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.

HYMN 9.

LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
To Thee I will address my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye.

Oft to Thy house will I resort,
To praise Thy goodness there ;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of truth and grace !
Make Thou the path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

To all that love and fear Thy name,
Thy blessing shall extend ;
Thy favour, Lord, shall compass them,
And like a shield defend.

HYMN 10.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.

But, Lord, Thy word supplies
A brighter, holier light.
It trains the simple to be wise,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy word !
Thy judgments, too, how just !
To Thy unfailing promise, Lord,
May men securely trust.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God !

HYMN 11.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.

O lead me in Thy truth,
Instruct me in Thy law ;
Thou God of my salvation, still
To Thee my footsteps draw.

Preserve my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame ;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In Thine Almighty Name.

With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again ;
Oh be it ne'er of Israel said,
" He sought the Lord in vain."

HYMN 12.

O LORD, our guard, our light, our way,
What dangers shall our souls dismay !
God of our life ! whom need we fear
When foes assault, if Thou art near.

One wish, with holy transport warm,
Our hearts have form'd and still shall form ;
One thing we ask ; to spend our days
In Sion's courts, with prayer and praise.

Though every earthly friend depart,
And love forsake a parents' heart,
The Lord, on whom our hopes depend,
Will prove a Father and a Friend.

Ye trembling saints ! in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait :
His grace will life and strength afford ;
O wait then daily on the Lord.

HYMN 13.

Advent.

THE Lord is great, and great His praise
To be exalted still,
Within the city of our God,
Upon His holy hill.

Mount Zion, joy of all the earth,
His presence shall secure ;
God in her palaces is known,
A refuge strong and sure.

Assembled now with one accord
Within Thy temple's gate,
We for Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Here in Thy presence wait

O God, according to Thy name
To earth's remotest end,
Thy right-hand, full of righteousness,
Thy praises shall extend.

This God, this mighty God, is ours,
Our God for ever He ;
Who by His counsel unto death
Our faithful Guide shall be.

HYMN 14.

Advent.

THE Lord hath spoke ; the mighty God
Hath sent His summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines :
The list'ning earth His voice hath heard,
And He from Zion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.

Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before,
But wasting flames before Him send :
And, while around Him tempests rage,
Himself shall heav'n and earth engage,
His just tribunal to attend.

No sacrifice hath He requir'd,
Save hearts with love and zeal inspir'd,
And holy deeds to make them known :
Who praises God due honour gives,
And to the man that justly lives,
His great salvation will be shown.

HYMN 15.

O GOD, our strength, to Thee our song,
With joyful hearts we raise ;
To Thee, our sure defence, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

In troubles' dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer,
And graciously Thine arm of power
Hath sav'd us from despair.

And Thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep Thy promise still,
If meekly we receive Thy word,
And strive to do Thy will.

So shall Thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless ;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And Heaven its happiness.

HYMN 16.

THOU who art enthron'd above,
Thou in whom we live and move,
Oh how sweet, with heart and tongue,
To resound Thy name in song,
When the morning fills the skies,
When the evening stars arise.

From Thy works my joy proceeds,
How I triumph in Thy deeds !
Who Thy wonders can express ?
All Thy thoughts are fathomless :
Lord, Thou art most great, most high,
God from all eternity.

All who in their sins delight,
Shall be scattered by Thy might.
But, as palm trees lift the head,
As the stately cedars spread,
So the righteous shall be seen,
Ever fruitful, ever green.

HYMN 17.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written word :
The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.

When taught by painful proof to know
That all is vanity below,
The sincere roams from comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star ;
Soft gleaming then those lights divine,
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
And sweetly to his ravish'd eye,
Disclose the day-spring from on high.

Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high,
The radiant chorus of the sky ;
But fix'd for everlasting years,
Unmov'd amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have pass'd away.

HYMN 18.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim :
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does His Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 19.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still !
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

HYMN 20.

To Thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise :
Oh let the meanest of Thy flock
Attempt to sing Thy praise.

My life, my joy, my hopes I owe
To Thy redeeming love ;
Ten thousand comforts here below,
And nobler bliss above.

To Thee my trembling spirit flies,
With conscious guilt opprest ;
Thy pitying voice dispels my fears,
And bids my sorrows rest.

Yes, should I walk in death's dark vale,
With deepening horror spread ;
Thy staff would guide my doubtful step,
And guard my drooping head.

Lead on, my Shepherd ! led by Thee,
No dread my soul shall scare ;
Oh let me reach Thy fold above,
And praise Thee better there !

HYMN 21.

LIFT your voice and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King ;
For His mercies far extend,
And His bounty knows no end.

Let your tongues the Saviour bless,
Let your joyful hearts confess
That His mercies far extend,
And His bounty knows no end.

Blest is the man whose steadfast mind
Securely dwells on God reclin'd,
For His mercies far extend,
And His bounty knows no end.

Ye, who make His will your care,
With assenting voice declare,
That His mercies far extend,
And His bounty knows no end.

HYMN 22.

THY mercies and Thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still
As Thou wert ever kind.

Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by Thee ;
And for Thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

His mercy and His truth
The righteous Lord displays ;
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them His ways.

He those in justice guides
Who His direction seek ;
And in His sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine ;
To such as with religious hearts
To His blest will incline.

HYMN 23.

ALMIGHTY God my cause defend ;
O'er me Thy Guardian shield extend ;
Say to my troubled soul, " In Me
" Thy strength and sure salvation see."

And then, my soul, with awful joy,
On God thy steadfast thoughts employ ;
And, His salvation taught to prove,
Record the wonders of His love.

Lord, whom like Thee shall sinners find,
For ever just, for ever kind ;
Like Thee, prepared th' afflicted poor,
From lawless insult to secure ?

For ever blest be Israel's Lord,
The God by heaven and earth ador'd ;
Who loves His servants' cause to plead,
And crowns with peace their favour'd head.

HYMN 24.

GOD is our Refuge in distress,
A present Help when dangers press,
In Him we will confide :
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Secure shall we abide.

Above the tempest's rudest shock,
Fix'd on an everlasting Rock
God's holy city stands :
There streams of living water flow,
And God protects all those who know
And honour His commands.

Submit to His Almighty sway ;
His power the heathen shall obey,
And earth her Lord confess ;
The God of hosts will keep from harm,
Will be our Refuge in alarm,
Our Helper in distress.

HYMN 25.

HOLD not Thy peace, O Lord our God,
Nor longer silent be ;
For they lift up their head on high,
Who hatred bear to Thee.

Against Thy faithful people, Lord,
They form the dark design ;
And to destroy Thy chosen flock,
In guilty league combine.

Like stubble scatter'd by the storm,
Like wood amidst the flame,
Shall they be with Thy judgments vex'd,
That they may seek Thy Name.

So shall the wond'ring world confess
That Thou art God alone ;
That highest over all the earth,
Exalted is Thy throne.

HYMN 26.

O GOD, my Saviour, to my voice
Incline Thy gracious ear,
By day and night to Thee I pray,
Vouchsafe my prayer to hear.

For troubles sore depress my soul,
My hopes are almost fled,
My life draws nigh unto the grave ;
I'm counted with the dead,

To Thee, my gracious God, I fly ;
In mercy deign to spare ;
O calm the terrors of my soul,
O keep me from despair.

HYMN 27.

LORD, when I lift my voice to Thee,
To whom all praise belongs,
Thy justice and Thy love shall be
The subject of my songs.

Let wisdom o'er my heart preside,
To lead my footsteps right ;
And make Thy perfect law my guide,
Thy service my delight.

From wicked men I will withdraw,
All sinful ways forsake ;
And only those who love Thy law,
For my companions take.

Lord, that I may not go astray,
Thy constant grace impart ;
O guide me in Thy holy way,
And fix my wand'ring heart.

HYMN 28.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord ;
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care ;
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And live in tainted air.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

HYMN 29.

THE Lord is king, let earth obey,
Rejoicing in his righteous sway :
Darkness and clouds around Him meet,
Judgment and truth uphold His seat.

O ye that love the Saviour's name,
Hate every work of sin and shame ;
He keeps His saints, and o'er their heads
The shield of His salvation spreads.

For all His saints, for them alone
The seeds of heavenly light are sown :
Gladness and joy around them rise—
A harvest ripening for the skies.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
His sacred honours glad record :
With grateful songs Jehovah bless,
And praise Him in His holiness.

HYMN 30.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame ;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

HYMN 31.

GOD of my life to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall ;
When the deep-water floods prevail,
Leave not my sinking heart to fail.
Friend of the friendless, and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the wretched and the poor ?
When did the mourner plead to Thee
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the promise firm remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?

Hard were the woes of life to bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer pray'r ;
But Thou wilt listen from on high,
And all my inmost wants supply.

HYMN 32.

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 33.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne :
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

Thy sceptre well becomes His hands,
All heaven submits to His commands ;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more :
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

With pow'r He vindicates the just,
And lays the oppressor in the dust ;
His worship and His fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time, be past :
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

The saints shall flourish in His days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from His throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown :
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

HYMN 34.

OH come, and let us all with one accord,
Lift up our cheerful voice and praise the
Lord ;

Let us this evening bless His holy name,
Yea, let us laud, and magnify the same.

Let universal nature ever raise
A cheerful voice, to give Him thanks and
praise ;

Let us and all His saints His glory sing,
Who is our blessed Saviour, Lord, and King.

For by His word the heav'n and earth were
made,

The earth's foundation also firmly laid ;
All things were done at His divine command,
And shall throughout all ages surely stand.

Therefore let all in heav'n and earth agree,
To sing His praise in perfect unity ;
Yea, let His servants all, with one accord,
With joyful hallelujahs praise the Lord.

HYMN 35.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man the well-beloved of heav'n.

Hail, by all Thy works ador'd,
Hail, Thou everlasting Lord !
Thee we praise, enthron'd above,
Lord of power and God of love.

Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear the world's atonement Thou !
Jesu, in Thy name we pray,
Take, Oh take our sins away.
Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
With the Father, in heav'n art One,
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,
One supreme eternal Three.

HYMN 36.

LORD ! dismiss us with Thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace—
O refresh us
In our faint and weary race.

Thanks we give, and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound—
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day !

HYMN 37.

The humble suit of a sinner.

THOUGH sin doth hinder me awhile,
Lord, when Thou see'st it good,
I shall enjoy the sight of Him,
Who shed for me His blood.

And as Thy angels and Thy saints,
Do now behold the same,
So may I see that glorious place,
And with them praise Thy name.

And while I live here in this vale,
Where sinners do frequent,
Assist me ever with Thy grace,
My sins still to lament.

Thy grace, O let it be my stay,
Ever with me remain—
For if I fall, then of myself
I cannot rise again.

HYMN 38.

Holy Communion.

MY God! and is Thy table spread!
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow!
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them now Thy goodness know.

Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes
Memorial of His flesh and blood!
Blest who with lively faith partakes
That sacred cup, that heav'nly food.

In faith and love before Thy face,
With thankful hearts let all attend:
Nor when we leave this sacred place,
The pleasure nor the profit end.

That strength and energy afford,
Which Jesus' Blood alone can give;
That all who thus confess their Lord,
Henceforth may to Thy glory live!

HYMN 39.

Holy Communion.

(*Psalm xxvi. From Anthologia Davidica, p. 108.*)

TRY me, O God, my bosom prove,
Search out my reins and heart;
Before mine eyes I set Thy love,
Nor from Thy truth depart.

I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round Thy Altar go ;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence
And thence Thy wonders show.
Thy house is ever my delight,
Thy dwelling, O my God,
The place where shrin'd in radiance bright,
Thy glory makes abode.
Keep me in purity and truth ;
Save, Lord, and pity me !
Thy mercy me upholds, my mouth
Shall sing aloud of Thee.

HYMN 40.

Holy Communion.

WHEN remedy could none be found,
To bring us unto life,
The Son of God our flesh did take
To end our mortal strife.
He all the law of God the Lord,
Did perfectly obey ;
And for our sins upon the Cross,
His blood our debts did pay,
And that we never should forget
What good for us He wrought ;
A sign He left our eyes to tell
That He our bodies bought.
In bread and wine here visible,
Unto thine eyes and taste ;
His mercies great thou may'st record,
If that His grace thou hast.

HYMN 41.

Holy Communion.

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspir'd with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

How may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord;
Our drink His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy works obey—
For we, O God, are Thine!
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine.

HYMN 42.

For Advent.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy heav'nly grace impart,
And cast the works of darkness from our
heart;
Send us Thy light, and arm us for the strife,
Against all evils of this mortal life;
O'er which our Saviour, Jesus Christ Thy
Son,
With great humility the conquest won.

That, when in glory our victorious head
Shall come to judge the living and the dead,
We may through Him to life immortal
 spring,
Wherein He reigns the everlasting King;
The Father, Son, and Spirit may adore,
Our glorious God Triune for evermore.

HYMN 43.

For Advent.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
 To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The wounded soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
 To bless the lowly poor.

All earth's Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
While heav'n's eternal mansions sound
 With Thy transcendant name.

HYMN 44.

For Advent.

Lo ! He comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train—
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Christ is come to earth again !

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty—
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to a tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see !

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate Him, must confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day—
Come to judgment ! come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! come away !

Now salvation, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear ;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise and meet Him in the air—
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
See the day of God appear !

HYMN 45.

For Christmas Day.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice,

“Behold,

“I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,

“To you, and all the nations upon earth;

“This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd
word,

“This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

“In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find

“The long foretold Redeemer of mankind;

“Wrapp'd up in swaddling clothes, the babe
divine

“Lies in a manger—this shall be your sign!”

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sing,
And heav'n's whole orb with hallelujahs ring—

“Glory to God on high! who deigns to plan

“Peace upon earth! good will to guilty
man!”

Such was their song, the trembling shepherds
heard,
And haste, as guided by the heavenly word.

They find with Joseph and the Blessed
Maid,

Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid ;
Amaz'd, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of His infant fame :
While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart
The heav'nly vision which the swains impart.

So may we hope, th' angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display ;
Sav'd by His love, Him ever shall we sing,
Of saints and angels the celestial King.

HYMN 46.

For Christmas Day.

HAIL to the Saviour's natal day !

Cast all low cares of life away,

And thoughts of meaner things—

This day, to cure our deadly woes,

The Sun of Righteousness arose

With healing on his wings.

Oh then let heaven and earth rejoice,

Creation's whole united voice,

And hail the happy day.

If angels, on that hallowed morn
The Saviour of the world was born,
 Pour'd forth seraphic songs ;
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of His grace,
 To whom that grace belongs.
 Oh then let heaven and earth rejoice,
 Creation's whole united voice,
 And hail the happy day.

How wonderful, how vast His love,
Who left the shining realms above,
 Those cloudless seats of rest !
How much for lost mankind He bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
 What tongue shall e'er attest !
 Oh then let heaven and earth rejoice,
 Creation's whole united voice,
 And hail the happy day.

While we adore His boundless grace,
And pious trust and love take place
 Of fear and hopeless pain ;
Give glory to our God on high,
And ne'er, amid the holy joy,
 Forget good will to men.
 Oh then let heaven and earth rejoice,
 Creation's whole united voice,
 And hail the happy day.

HYMN 47.

For Christmas Day.

HARK, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd :
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
Which th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem—

Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time, behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb :
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead He—
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with man to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here—

Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing on His wings ;
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born, that man no more may die ;

Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth—
Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

HYMN 48.

For Christmas Day.

GOD, who at sundry times, in divers ways,
Spake by His prophets in the ancient days,
When years their due predicted course had
run,
Spake to mankind by His beloved Son ;
Of things in heav'n, in earth, th' appointed
heir,
Whom all the world, by Him produced,
revere.

In His divine humanity was seen
Paternal glory through its filial screen ;
That Word within His sacred person dwell'd,
That Pow'r by which all nature is upheld ;
In Him the too bright majesty above
Shone forth attemper'd by incarnate love.

To Him our utmost praises all belong,
His birth the subject of our annual song ;
With voice of joy and gladness let us pay
The year's collected tribute to the day :
Let every hour's remembrance now unite
To hail in concert its returning light.

Think what a radiant heavenly light thereon
At first upon the watching shepherds shone ;
What glory of the Lord spread round about,
When hosts of angels, with a joyful shout,
Proclaim'd the Christ, the Lord, the Saviour's
 birth,
Glory to God, and peace to men on earth.

Let every good that Providence imparts,
Speak this angelic message to our hearts ;
Let us look up, whatever ills befall,
To Him who bore and sanctified them all ;
Deign'd to be born, to suffer, and to die,
To gain for us the glorious life on high.

Happy the soul that in this lower life
By faith and love maintains the Christian
 strife ;
Taught by His word, supported by His
 pow'r,
Fulfil the duties of the present hour
And aims at nothing here, but to increase
Of God and man the glory and the peace.

HYMN 49.

For Christmas Day.

THE heav'nly host descend to tell
The birth of our Immanuel ;
Ye shepherds, hark, to you they bring
Glad tidings of a new-born King.

Forsake your fleecy charge, and run
To worship God's eternal Son ;
This is the long expected morn,
For you the Prince of Life is born.

Glory to God, aloud they cry,
Glory to God, let men reply ;
Let saints below and saints above
Give glory to the God of love.

The humble swains in rapture stand,
To hear the sweet angelic band
Proclaim, at our Redeemer's birth,
Glory to God, and peace on earth.

Lo ! Heav'n's good will to men appears,
Hush all your sighs, and dry your tears ;
Let every voice a tribute raise,
And every heart repeat the praise.

HYMN 50.

For Good Friday.

CLEFT are the rocks, the earth doth quake,
The slumberers of the grave awake ;
The temple's veil is rent in twain,
For Christ, our sacrifice, is slain,
And bears of sin and death the pain.

Lo ! nature's face of beaming light
She veils in darkness at the sight
Of Him, her God, the Crucified !
'Tis man alone that dares deride
The Saviour that for him hath died.

Despised is the Man of grief,
Rejected and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows He hath borne,
For whose transgressions He is torn,
Whose mortal weakness He hath worn.

The Mighty One, the Son of God,
Hath humbly kissed affliction's rod,
That by His stripes we might be heal'd,
Our pardon by His blood be seal'd,
And boundless mercies be reveal'd.

We all, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turn'd aside from wisdom's way;
But He hath sav'd us from our sin—
Our God the ransom-lamb hath been,
Our God hath sav'd us from our sin.

Oh let us cast each vice away,
Which thus the Son of God could slay!
With contrite heart and weeping eye
Behold the Saviour's cross on high,
And every sin and folly fly!

So may we join the song of love
Which saints and angels sing above;
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
Which wert, and art, and art to be,
The Lamb slain from eternity!

HYMN 51.

WHY do the nations madly rage
Before Jehovah's throne?
And impious war their rulers rage
Against th' Anointed One?

For He who sits above the sky
Shall all their threats deride;
Shall speak in anger from on high,
And crush their haughty pride.

The Lord hath said—"I set my king
"On Sions holy hill:
"To Him shall earth her offerings bring,
"And do His sovereign will."

Attend ye powers! confess your Lord,
And bow before His face;
How rash the men who scorn His word!
How blest who seek His grace!

HYMN 52.

For Easter Day.

JESUS Christ is risen to day—Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holiday!—Hallelujah!
Who so lately on the cross—Hallelujah!
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.—Hallelujah!

Hymns of praises let us sing—Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heav'nly King—Hallelujah!
Who endur'd the cross and grave—Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save!—Hallelujah!

For the pains which He endured—Hallelujah!
Our salvation have secured—Hallelujah!
Now He reigns above the sky—Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever cry—Hallelujah!

HYMN 53.

SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Let all in one assembled throng,
The great Jehovah's might resound :
Sing to the Lord and bless His Name ;
From day to day His works proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd :
To all the worlds His praise rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud Jehovah reigns ;
Whose power His glorious work sustains
Till time and death shall be no more.
Let heaven its sacred joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express,
Its loud applause let ocean roar,
Through all His num'rous isles rejoice,
And for His triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
The hills, the plains, all nature wake.
He comes ! He comes ! mankind to bless,
He comes, in truth and righteousness,
His destined course on earth to take.
From Thee we live, to Thee we call ;
Hail ! bounteous, gracious, Lord of all.

HYMN 54.

Ascension.

SING to the Lord with joyful mirth,

Prepare your hearts to sing ;

Let all the people of the earth,

Confess th' Almighty King.

God hath ascended up on high,

With trumpet's loudest voice ;

He sits enthron'd above the sky ;

In God the Lord rejoice.

He reigns with holiness and power,

On His eternal throne ;

Then let the lands His grace adore,

And Him their Saviour own.

HYMN 55.

GREAT God of hosts, our ears have heard,

Our fathers oft have told

What wonders Thou hast done for them :—

Thy glorious deeds of old.

Not by their might was safety wrought,

Nor vict'ry by their sword ;

But Thou didst guard the chosen race,

Who Thy great name ador'd.

Great God of hosts ! their God and our's,

Our only Lord and King ;

Let that right arm which fought for them

To us salvation bring.

To Thee the glory we'll ascribe,
By whom the conquest came ;
And in triumphant songs of praise,
We'll celebrate Thy Name.

HYMN 56.

OH LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry !

Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
Oh shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in !

Call us not to a strict account
How we have lived here,
For then we know right well, O Lord,
How vile we must appear.

We need not to confess our life,
For surely Thou can'st tell ;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest, Lord, too well !

Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee ;
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing that we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak
The thing that we would have ?

Mercy, oh Lord ! mercy we seek !
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our pray'r—
Oh let Thy mercy come !

HYMN 57.

For Whitsunday.

COME, Holy Ghost ! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sev'nfold gifts impart ;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love !

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint, and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes ; give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song—
Praise be to Thine eternal merit,
Oh Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

HYMN 58.

Veni Creator.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love ;

Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

Thou art the very Comforter
In grief and all distress ;
The heavn'ly gift of God most high,
No tongue can it express.

O Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down Thy heavenly light ;
Inflame our hearts with fervent love
To serve God day and night.

Such measures of Thy powerful grace,
Grant, Lord, to us, we pray ;
That Thou may'st be our Comforter
At the last dreadful day.

To God the Father laud and praise,
And to His blessed Son,
And to the Holy Spirit of grace,
Co-equal Three in One.

FINIS.

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